The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Dykie Vane.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

VI.

THERE, I believe I'm all ready for them.

"Them," meant Jack and Dyke. Since early dawn Mrs. Vane had worked harder than ever she worked before, and now the carpets were all down, and the furniture arranged, and as the grey twilight was darkening into night, tired, happy Mrs. Vane was preparing an extra nice supper to celebrate the occasion.

It had been her request that Dyke and Jack should not see the new house until it was all settled ready to live in, and she had done two days work in one, that they might find everything perfect, and feel at home the first night.

The fire was merrily blazing away in the big new stove, the teakettle singing as only a teakettle can sing, the table was spread with the new linen and china, and Mrs. Vane was toasting the bread, when she heard a light, quick step on the stairs, followed by a heavier tread, and in a flutter of excitement she prepared to welcome her husband and son. With a wild "hurrah!" Dyke burst into the room, and Mr. Vane came after, rubbing his hands with delight. A moment later Mrs. Vane was exhibiting the rooms with the pride of a millionaire.

"This is the kitchen, here is the pantry, here is the shed, that's the washing machine. Now come back to the kitchen. This is my sleeping room; isn't it nice? Now come and see the front room," and she opened the door with an air of triumph, for this room was her pride and delight.

A pretty ingrain carpet covered the floor, neat white shades shielded the windows, a substantial lounge, a large rocking chair covered with black hair cloth to match the lounge, a little wicker sewing chair and three common chairs, and a good sized mirror over the little table between the windows, all new and fresh, composed the furnishing of a very pretty little room indeed. After enjoying their astonishment a moment, she crossed the room and opening another door said,

"Here, Dyke!"

A mine of diamonds would not have given Dyke the pleasure or have astonished more, than did the sight which met his eyes. That little room, the carpet, the curtains, the pretty chamber set, the white coverlet on the bed, the mirror on the bureau, and a cunning little rocking-chair before the window! What more could heart wish?

"Mother, mother, mother! I believe you are a magic queen!" he exclaimed, visions of fairies, wonderful broomsticks and enchanted wands entering his head.

"No, it was Walter and Miss Kate, and the carpet was large enough for both rooms."

The crowning glory of the day was the discovery that the carpet would cover both tiny rooms, thereby saving money enough to buy the lounge. She thought she was happy when Dykie's pretty furniture came, and the size of the carpet made the cup of joy run over.

"I guess those Graveses will go to Heaven if anybody will," said Dyke solemnly, as, after feasting his eyes on his room full ten minutes, his mother called him to supper.

There were no bowed heads at that tea-table, and no one said grace, but who can deny that there was such thankfulness in those hearts as many do not feel who pray long and often.

A few weeks later, one cold winter day, Mrs. Vane sat sewing in the tiny sitting-room, when to her surprise she heard Dyke's quick step on the stairs, and in a moment he entered.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed he, throwing his cap to the further side of the room, and taking off his overcoat with a twist and a jerk.

"By what?" said his mother, reprovingly.

"I guess you would say the same if you knew what I've done," and he drew down his black brows and looked as cross as his merry eyes would let him.

"It's rather funny, too," he added, with a short laugh. "You see Judge Graves gave me a half holiday this afternoon, and I was intending to go down to the pond and see the skating, but came home to get a lunch first, feeling hungry as a bear. I was excited and jolly with the prospect of the fun, and came tumbling up stairs, and burst open the door with a whoop like a wild Indian, and stumbled headlong over a mat into a strange room. I had not minded the number of flights, and went into the room under this. I am afraid I did say something pretty savage, for I hurt my knee falling. On picking myself up and looking around, I discovered a little girl hiding behind a chair, looking scared half to death, and a young lady sitting at the window writing. Of course I muttered something about being sorry I had disturbed them, made a mistake, &c., and the young lady laughed right out and said it was all right, but the younger one looked perfectly sober, and as I shut the door I heard her say, as if relieved to see me go, 'O my, what a dreadful boy! how he swears!' But I don't swear, do I, mother? that is, commonly?"

"No," said his mother, "not as you used to, and I am very glad. But you need not feel so mortified. It was an awkward blunder, to be sure, but if the young lady understood and excused it, you might let it pass."

"But I don't like to be called a 'dreadful boy!'" and Dyke took half a dozen ginger snaps and went off to the pond, leaving his mother smiling at his last words, for the accent was on the word boy.

Still, it was true that Dyke was getting toward the end of his boyhood. He had grown wonderfully the past year and a half, both in body and in mind; once he had been quite small for his age, but now was nearly as tall as his father, and felt as old as anybody ever did. Perhaps he felt a little too old, for this same afternoon when he met a certain coal cart on which he used to enjoy riding with his cousin Tom, and Tom looked as good natured as ever, and ready to offer him another ride, Dyke suddenly took a great interest in a store window, full of ladies' ready made dresses, and gazed at them with undivided attention until that particular cart had passed by. Perhaps Dyke intended to buy one of those dresses for himself or his mother; or perhaps he felt too old to ride around in business hours; that point is doubtful, but it is certain that Tom worked all day with a heavy pain deep in his breast where the coal dust never reached, but where there beat a heart as tender and true as a woman's, and as proud as Dyke's.

"Tom is a good fellow, but you wouldn't see Walter Graves riding around on a coal team," and Dyke tramped off to the pond feeling very important but a little uncomfortable, for Tom *was* a good fellow, and miles away from his home, his wife and a dear blue-eyed baby, with no friends in this new country except Dyke and his parents. It is a pity Dyke was quite so old.

When he returned from the pond, Dyke brought a paper of great rosy apples, which he put upon the table, one by one, saying,

"This is for you, mother, this is for father, and this for me, and I guess I'll carry one to the little girl down stairs, because I scared her so this afternoon; and as there is one left, it will be only polite to give it to the young lady."

He ran down stairs with an apple in each hand, and tapped at the door which he had entered so unceremoniously. It was opened by the young lady, who looked so surprised at seeing Dyke, that his courage suddenly left him, and he stammered hastily,

"I scared the little girl so that I brought some apples, and I hope she won't think I am 'dreadful,' and I don't swear very often, and am sorry I did then."

In his excitement he fell into his old habit of speaking in incoherent sentences, connected by "ands."

"O, thank you; it was of no consequence. Won't you come in?"

"No, I thank you, I can't stop," answered he, though he could stop as well as not, and wanted to awfully.

He met the little girl on the stairs the next morning and she said, without any preface, or even looking at him, "That apple was very good," then ran as if for her life.

"I suppose she thought she must say something, but she needn't be so afraid of a fellow. I won't bite," growled Dyke as he buttoned up his coat.

Dyke was detained at the office later than usual that evening, and it was nearly nine o'clock when he entered the house.

Great was his astonishment to find this little girl sitting on the dimly lighted stairs, shivering with the cold, and crying as if her little heart would break. Dyke's whistle stopped suddenly.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked he.

The child looked at him shyly for a moment, but seeing only friendliness and pity in his ruddy face, she sobbed out:

"Emma hasn't come home, and it is so cold and dark that I am afraid."

"When did Emma go away?"

"After dinner, and said she would come back before dark. There hasn't been any supper, and I am afraid Emma is dead," and the sobs broke out afresh.

"You poor little thing, come right up into my house, and my mother will give you a nice supper, and you shall stay there nice and warm until Emma comes."

"No, no no," cried she, evidently frightened at the idea of going to a strange place, and seeing a strange person.

"But you musn't stay in this cold entry."

"I'll go into my house if you will light the gas. I am afraid of the dark, and can't reach the thing."

So Dyke took the little hand nearly numb with cold, and led her into the sitting-room. The fire had gone out, and after putting the child in a big arm chair, and wrapping her in his overcoat, he proceeded to build it up. The tenements were all alike, so he had no difficulty in finding the coal bin and kindlings, and soon had a fine, glowing bed of coals in the grate. On looking again at his new friend, he found that she had fallen asleep, hugging the coat around her and sighing like a little whirlwind. Dyke drew the chair nearer the fire, then looked around him. The room was very tastily furnished; there were pictures on the walls, plants on the window sills, and two little statuettes on the mantel. As the light shone into the kitchen, he could see that the little one had tried to get supper; the table was partially set, and the teakettle was in the sink under the faucet, evidently too heavy for the child to lift after she had filled it.

Just as he was thinking what more he could do for the comfort of his little charge, the door opened and the sister came in, pale, tired, frightened and wet; for being unacquainted with the great city, she had lost her way and wandered miles in the snow storm. Then just as she was ready to faint with fatigue and fear, she found herself before her own door, though in her bewilderment she could not realize the fact until she had read the number and the name twice over.

Dyke explained his presence, then ran up to his own home and found his mother nearly as worried about him as the little girl had been about her sister.

A few words gave Mrs. Vane an idea of the situation, and down stairs she went with a steaming bowl of oysters and the pot of tea she had been keeping hot for Dyke. He had to put up with doughnuts and cheese for his supper, but the tea and oysters, and the friendliness and sympathy so warmed and cheered the young lady, who had felt quite sick, that the next day she felt no ill effects from her adventure, and the two families were firm friends ever after.

Emma and Nettie Maynard were all alone in the world, and Emma supported them by coloring photographs. They proved very pleasant friends, for Emma was a lively, merry girl, full of wit and good sense; and Nettie the cunningest little fairy ever seen. Dyke spent many pleasant evenings in their little parlor, and every Saturday evening the Maynards took tea with the Vanes.

Eva Miller.

"Mother," said a little boy, "what made father such a great and good man?"

"God's grace and try," replied the mother.

"That all?" said the little boy.

"God's grace and try" will do wonders for every child on earth.—*The Well-Spring.*

For the Myrtle.

Helping Mamma.

MAMMA, my little boy comes to say,
"What can I do to help you to-day?"

What can a little boy "only three,"
Do to help mamma? I'd like to see.

"I can pile up my cart with wood
And fill the box for you nice and good."

Busily working, happy is he,
Proud in the thought of helping me.

In a small basket, from under a tree,
Apples so ruddy he gathers for me.

Whatever thing he sees others do,
His little hands are attempting it, too.

Giving my darling a seat on my knee,
We talk of the ways that he can help me.

I tell him his laughter such happiness brings
That weary old care is forced to take wings.

His blue eyes grow brighter, his sober face gay,
To think he helps mamma in that funny way.

I tell him to cheerfully, quickly obey
Is helping me, too, in the very best way.

I try to ingraft in his tender, young mind
That being unselfish, and loving, and kind,

Makes him like a sunbeam, whose beautiful rays
Make plainer rough places and brighter dark ways.

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Lost and Found.

HULLO! what little queen of the pigmies is this? cried uncle Tolliver, as he looked up from his bench and saw her, in all the splendor of her royal robes, standing just inside the door.

Her small majesty stood still and looked at him, but answered never a word. In fact, the shaggy little dog she held with one arm, his hind legs dangling helpless below, understood just as well as herself.

Uncle Tolliver rose from his bench and came towards her.

"Who are you, little girl, and what do you want?" he said as kindly as he knew how.

"Want to go home," said the little figure.

"Lost, are you?" said uncle Tolliver.

"Don't know," said the small body. "I guess it's home that's lost — I don't know where it is."

Uncle Tolliver laughed.

"A bright one you are," said he, "hadn't you better set your dog down a minute, and rest your arms?"

"Jip? oh no, he'd run away."

"And you think *one* runaway is enough, do you? So your dog's name is Jip. Jip, Jip, look up here; very nice little dog. Now what's your name?"

"Name's Tot," said the little body.

"Tot what?" said uncle Tolliver. "What else do they call you?"

"Nothing — only — *sometimes* they call me Charlotte—when I'm naughty," said Tot.

"Well but,—who do you belong to? What's your father's name?" said uncle Tolliver.

"Belong to my papa and mamma,' said Tot.

"What's your papa's name?" said uncle Tolliver sharply.

"Aint got any name, — he's my papa," said Tot, getting out of patience.

"Well, but don't you know the street where you live, nor *anything?*"

"Don't know," said Tot, giving Jip a hitch, for he was getting heavy; "I want to go home, —Jip and me," and she looked up at uncle Tolliver as if it was the easiest thing in the world for him to get her there.

Uncle Tolliver scratched his head and rubbed his nose, and looked at her. It was funny enough for a picture, the little midget standing there, tugging at her dog and looking blandly at uncle Tolliver, who was driven to his wits' ends with thinking what in the world he could do with her.

Suddenly he had a bright thought.

"I'll call Tommy Dorr," said he. "That chap'll help us out if anybody can in the city. You just wait here a minute, Tottikins," and away went uncle Tolliver around the corner.

Tommy was up street with his papers, crying "Mornin' 'Erald" at the top of his voice. His quick eye saw uncle Tolliver beckoning, even before he heard his whistle, and he came on the run with "All right,—'ere's your 'Erald; paper, sir?"

"Yes," said uncle Tolliver; "and I've got a job for you in the missionary line, too. Come here."

In a moment Johnny and Tot were face to face, Johnny in rags and tatters, dirty-faced, but with eyes bright as buttons, Tot with her fine

plumes all awry, and looking at him with great bewildered eyes.

"My!" said Tom, "she belongs to some of the big 'un's, don't she? Don't know your name nor street, nor number, nor nothin'? Precious little babe in the woods, *you* are. Put down the dog, sissy; won't you?"

"He'll run away," says Tot.

"No, he won't," said Tom coaxingly. "I'll take care of him. What's his name?"

"Jip." And she let him slip down on the floor.

"Jip, Jip, come here; here, Jip!" and Tommy patted him on the head. "Seems to me I've seen that dog afore. Let's look at his collar. Hullo! '*Harris!*' Here you are!"

And Tom gave a small war-whoop, and was out and round the corner in a second.

"Bless me! how 'cute that young one is," said uncle Tolliver. "Who'd a thought to look on the dog's collar? And what's he up to now, I wonder?"

"Yes, that's his name, Jip Harris," said Tot gravely.

"And yours is Tot Harris, I suppose?"

"Yes'm," said Tot.

"O you little goose!"

And uncle Tolliver shook his grey head with laughing till Tot thought he looked very funny, and laughed too.

In two seconds more Tommy was back. "All right," said he. "I've looked in the Directory. It's the Harris that lives up on the Avenue, of course. I knew I'd seen the dog up in the park. Come on, sissy, I'll take you home."

"Don't go without saying good morning," said uncle Tolliver, and he took the little lady up and kissed her and she kissed him, and then put her hand in Tom's, who had Jip under his arm, and trotted off as contentedly as if he were a real prince come from fairy land on purpose to get her out of her trouble.

When they got to the street Tom found there was no house of the number given in the Directory. Then he was perplexed, but inquiring at the corner, he found the numbers had all been changed. Tot was not used to that corner, and didn't know which way to go. But Jip began to squeeze and wriggle under his arm.

"I'll put Jip down," said Tom to Tot, "like as not he'll go straight home."

So he dropped the dog on the sidewalk, and sure enough, Jip wagged his tail and started off straight for the house, and they ran after fast as they could go. Jip ran right up the steps and began to bark, and Tot cried out at a face at the window, and Tom saw "Harris" on the door plate.

There was a great outcry over Tot, for they had just missed her from the yard where she went to play with Jip, and the maids had gone down the street both ways, while her father was just starting to the Park to look for her.

Tom told them, modestly, how he found the way home for her from uncle Tolliver's, and her father took a great liking to his bright eyes. He put his hand in his pocket, thinking to give him a handsome present of money, and then he thought better of it.

"I'll walk down with you," said he to Tommy, "and we'll talk it over on the way."

But first, Tot's mamma made him sit down with Tot and have a nice dinner.

Then Mr. Harris walked down with Tom, and found out all about the paper business and his poor mother; and afterwards Mr. Harris went and had a long talk with uncle Tolliver. The result was that Tom gave up selling the "Morning Herald," and began to sell books in Mr. Harris' splendid store. And uncle Tolliver used often to pat the well-dressed, handsome lad on the head and say,

"Tommy, my boy, the day little Tot was lost, was the day you were found." *H. A. B.*

Watching for Papa.

She always stood upon the steps,
Just by the cottage door,
Waiting to kiss me, when I came,
Each night, home from the store.
Her eyes were like two glorious stars,
Dancing in heaven's own blue;
"Papa," she'd call, like a wee bird,
"I's lootin' out for you."

Alas! how sadly do our lives
Change as we onward roam;
For now no birdie voice calls out
To bid me welcome home.
No little arms stretch out to me,
No blue eyes, dancing bright,
Are peeping from the cottage door,
When I come home at night.

And yet, it comforts me to think
That when I'm called away
From scenes below, to those of bright
And everlasting day,
A little angel at the gate,
With eyes divinely blue,
Will call with birdie voice, "Papa,
I's lootin out for you."

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—The pastor at Guilford writes the *Banner*,—"Our young people held an entertainment Friday evening, Nov. 22d, for the benefit of our Sunday School library. It consisted of an oyster supper, the drama "Down by the Sea," Tableaux, Singing, &c. It was a success every way, and netted us $36.00."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—All our papers announce the second "Mass Meeting" to be holden under the auspices of the N. H. S. S. Convention, at Portsmouth. The meeting will continue but one day and will have two essays; one by Rev. G. L. Demarest, on "The Worth of the Sunday School," and the other by S. H. Langley of Nashua, on "The Power of Unity in the Sunday School."

This meeting will be on the 12th of Dec., and a large gathering and "excellent words" are expected.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Annual Sermon before the Sunday School Union of Boston was preached in the Shawmut Church, Sunday evening, Nov. 24th, by Rev. W. A. Start.

—One of the memorial windows in the new church on Columbus Avenue, Dr. Miner's—which was dedicated Dec. 4th—is to the memory of Thomas A Goddard, Superintendent of the Sunday School for so many years; and is given by his former coworkers in the school, many of them still members. Its design is the beautiful picture of the Saviour blessing little children, with the motto "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It is a beautiful and appropriate memorial of a sainted man.

CONNECTICUT.

—The attendance at the Sunday School in New Haven, Rev. Mrs. Hanaford's, averages a hundred. This is a cheering gain on its former proportions.

NEW YORK.

—The third anniversary of the Centenary Sunday School, Nov. 10th, was very pleasantly celebrated. Addresses were delivered by Revs. A. A. Thayer, J. M. Pullman and J H. Amies, and Mrs. C. A. Soule, editor of the *Guiding Star*.

—The Sunday School at Buffalo prospers, its attendance having lately increased by fifty new scholars.

ILLINOIS.

—Rev. A. H. Laing, who has just settled at Marseilles, writes as one of the first results of his work: "Our Sunday School has been revived, and gives promise of a good degree of interest and usefulness." That promises well for a good pastorate.

Old Writings.

A discovery has lately been made by Dr. Crant of the American Mission at Cairo, of a Hebrew manuscript of portions of the Bible. It was found in a synagogue in the neighborhood of Cairo, reported to have been built forty-five years before the second temple at Jerusalem was destroyed. It was carefully deposited in a niche in the wall, ten feet above the ground, and had to be secured by the means of a ladder.

Still Late.

Where are our MYRTLES? the children are still asking, and in spite of our confidence in their good nature, we are afraid they are losing patience a little. Well, we have lost ours a great many times in the last few weeks, and all we could do was to hunt around and find it again. You must remember half our type is burned up, and we cannot make one paper while another is being printed as we commonly do. Why don't we get more? Because the foundries are burned, too, and though we sent on to New York at once, everybody else sent at the same time, and we suppose one has to wait for another; at least we wait day after day in vain for the new type. And you know we cannot make even one page like this without thousands of these little types, and it takes three or four days for the busiest hands to put them together for the paper. Then our own printers are among the burned out, and those who remain are so busy that it is only by standing over them that we can get the paper printed at all. This is how the first paper after the fire had to wait several days before it could get itself printed at all, then was so long about it, then had to come home and be taken all to pieces before another could be made. The new type will set all right, however, and the MYRTLE will need have no more black marks for being late,—until it is burned out again!

Sick People.

The world is full of sick people; we do not mean those who have disorders of the body, such as fevers, and dropsies, and consumptions. We mean a sickness worse than these, sinful dispositions, evil inclinations, wicked thoughts and intentions. Millions of our race of all ages and conditions in life are thus sick.

What do sick people need? A physician to cure them. These sin-sick ones need a physician. And God has provided one for them. It is Jesus. When he was in the world he said, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." In his sight all men were sinners, and needed God's healing power to restore them to health—that is, to make them righteous. Jesus had this power. He has it now, and will until his work as the heavenly Healer is accomplished.

"He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure."

All who are sin-sick may come to him for relief. No disease is beyond the reach of his power. He will cure the world of its wrongs; he will bring all men to the love and practice of righteousness.

Prayers to be Answered.

Some prayers which God's children make to him will not be answered, because God sees that it would not be best for them to have him grant their petitions. But other prayers he will answer, because they are in accordance with his will and his children's welfare. Now all good Christians pray that everybody may be eaved from sin and made holy and happy. Their prayers will be answered, because they are in agreement with the gracious will of the Father of all. He has, surely, as much interest in the salvation of all his children as any other being in the universe can eave. The Apostle directs us to give prayers for all men, because this is "good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

——It is declared in the *Sunday School Journal* that thirty-six publishing firms in this country employ $6,000,000 in the manufacture of Sunday School literature.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CXIV.

CLOSING PRAYER AT THE LAST SUPPER.

"I pray for them."

SCRIPTURE. — John xvii. 1–26.

Question. — As Jesus lifted his eyes in prayer, what did he first say?

Answer. — John xvii. 1.

NOTE. Before this time, he had assured his disciples that there are twelve hours in the day and that he should not die until his work was done. Now the hour had come. What would seem like a shameful death to the world, would glorify him, giving authority over all mankind.

Q. — What power had been given him of God?

A. — John xvii. 2.

Q. — To how many of these would he give eternal life?

A. — John xvii. 2.

Q. — What is the eternal life?

A. — John xvii. 3.

Q. — What had Jesus done to the Apostles?

A. — John xvii. 6.

Q. — What had they learned of him?

A. — John xvii. 7.

Q. — As he was soon to be separated from them, what did he ask for the disciples?

A. — John xvii. 11.

Q. — From what did Christ pray they might be saved?

A. — John xvii. 15.

Q. — For whom did he pray besides the disciples?

A. — John xvii. 20.

Q. — What was his prayer for those who might believe?

A. — John xvii. 21.

Q. — What glory should the disciples have?

A. — John xvii. 22.

Q. — What was the nature of the union he prayed for?

A. — John xvii. 23.

Q. — What would be the result of making the Father known to the disciples?

A. — John xvii. 25.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

My first to suffer, bleed and die,
Came down to Bethlehem;
My second, in those days gone by,
Ruled in Jerusalem.

My third lay buried near the spot
The little ones were slain;
My fourth received the Saviour not,
When down to earth he came.

My fifth embraced the promised Son,
And saw him with his eyes;
My sixth the place the blessed One
Disputed with the wise.

My seventh saw a beauteous star,
That told of Jesus' birth;
To worship him they travelled far;
My eighth sang, "Peace on earth."

My ninth first heard the news sublime,
From seraphs from above;
My whole, the merry, happy time,
The little ones all love.

Enigma No. 2.

I am the mother of a seer,
Spell me right or spell me left,
I'm the same, however queer;
Behead me once, curtail me once,
And spell me right or spell me left,
I'm the widow, it would seem,
Who spake in wondrous eloquence
Of Him who came and would redeem.

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